My beautiful sun’s life

The sun, was born in the hardest part of the milky way in a rough molecular cloud. He lived his childhood as a protostar being made fun of by the bigger, badder stars and being bullied by his bigger, older brother Centauri. As he grew older he became the hardcore G we knew him as, shining big and bright. He made few enemies because even though he was hot headed, he had some cool, sunspots in his heart. The only reason he acted hard was to make up for the much bigger stars around him. He always had a secret depression which he hid from his friends and family, the only thing that kept him sane was knowing how important he was to the planet earth and the people and creatures on it. He knew that everyone and everything on earth needed him and that’s what kept him sane. Sadly, a NASA mission gone wrong lead to his horrifying death. They had a small amount of our suns worst enemy, Iron, which was released into space and slowly drifted towards him. When the iron reached him and was absorbed into him, he exploded in a magnificent supernova, so we probably have about 8 minutes left on earth. The sun was our life and death.

The end.